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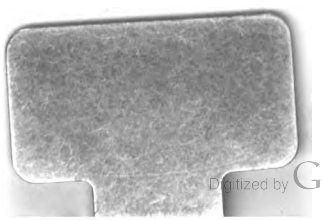

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NARRATIVE

of the

Miraculous Cure of Anne Munnings,

of Colchester,

by Faith, Prayer, and anointing with Oil, on New-year's Day, 1705;

Crafty Kate, of Colchester,

or,

The False-hearted Clothier Frighted into Good Manners,

A rare and whimsical old Ballad;

An extraordinary Love-Letter,

Addressed to a Lady of Maldon, in 1644;

and

The Maldon Martyr's Prayer, 1555.

A very limited number printed.

TOTHAM:

Printed by Charles Clark (an Amateur) at his Private Press.

MDCCCXLVII.

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answered by thought of mind, that I had

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Miraculous Cure

of Anne Munnings, of Colchester.

GOD, in all ages, hath not left himself without a testimony of his eternal power and God-head, as will appear in the following narritive:— A church at *Tiverton*, in the west, being congregated together, and having one among them, whom they designed for their pastor, a letter was sent, by the consent or order of them, to a church in *Colchester*, for the dismission of a member, their intended pastor; and likewise a close in the letter for directions in ordination, whether it was judged necessary for to lay on hands. The aforesaid church in *Colchester* having their pastor absent, I was desired to answer the aforesaid letter, and when I came to answer that point as to ordination, I wrote as follows, *viz.* Laying on of hands being an insignificant thing, only to denote the person ordained, it having no power to convey any ministerial gifts to the person so ordained, we rather judge it to be a primitive ceremony, such as the anointing of the sick, and the washing of the feet, which ceased with the lives of the apostles, and with the extraordinary gift of healing, &c.

This letter, thus written, was brought to the church for approbation, and to be subscribed by them; but some rejected it, and replied, that they believed anointing with oil, and also laying on of hands were ordinances in the church, and ought still to be practised; which I opposed, and quoted the authors I had read against it; but to no purpose, for the letter they would not sign, and another was writ according to their own minds. But from that time, I was left in great darkness of soul, so that I oftentimes questioned my interest in *Christ Jesus*, and I kept many days of fasting and prayer, for the return of the light of God's countenance; and thus I continued for the space of about two months, 'till at length being at St. *Edmund's Bury*, in *Suffolk*, towards the latter end of *December*, I was desired to pray with a gentleman and woman, which had been long afflicted; and whilst I was at prayer, I was much in the dark, and thought I had more need to pray for myself than others, which I did in these words: Why hast thou left me, O Lord, why hast thou hid thy face from me? Return, return, O Lord, and lift up the light of thy countenance upon me. To which request, I was immediately answered by thought of mind, that I had

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denied his ordinances, *viz.* anointing, and laying on of hands: I replied again in my own soul, Lord! if I did know they were thy ordinances, I would not willingly deny them, nor no other. So then I was convinced, that the ordinance of laying on of hands, and anointing with oil, were continued in the church; and that if I practised them, the Lord would own them. I then, upon this resolve of mind, had my desires granted, for the Lord did lift up the light of his countenance upon me, and my prayer was turned into praises; and when I had concluded my prayer (the gentlewoman being lame of a dead palsy on one side) I said to her, Mistress, I believe if you were anointed in the name of the Lord, that your limbs will be restored; for I am convinced most strangely, of that which I opposed not long since with the greatest vigour. She told me she could not submit to it, neither did she believe it. I used some arguments with her, but to no purpose. So that day I returned to *Colchester*, and going to one Mrs. *Mary Munnings*, a widow, who keeps a milliner's shop near the market, I told her how I had been convinced of the ordinance of anointing with oil; and further told her, I firmly did believe that God would own his own ordinances. She was much surprized, knowing how vigorously I had opposed it but a short time before; and supposing it to be a fancy, she asked, whether I had any faith in the application of it to her daughter, which was a cripple, as will plainly appear by this narrative? I told her yes, I had; and asked her, whether she believed it to be an ordinance? She said, she did. Then I looked into the room where her aforesaid daughter sat, and said, Child! do you believe the Lord can make you whole? She reply'd, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear. Well, I replyed, if you believe his ability, I believe his willingness; then her mother asked me, whether I would please to administer the ordinance to her? I told her I would, but this being the last day of the week, I could not now, because of my study. So I left them, and on the second day of the next week, being to expound, after my wonted custom, the aforesaid Mrs. *Munnings* being there, she thought it the most proper time to administer the ordinance to her daughter, while I was affected with the spirit and grace of God. According to her request, I went with her to her house; and she sent the maid for a pennyworth of oil, and told me, she hoped I would be as good as my word, to anoint her daughter; I told her a bad promise

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was better broke than kept, but if I could find a warrant in the word of God, I would; desiring a bible, I desired not to be interrupted, and searched from one end to the other, for the space of three hours, *viz.* from nine to twelve, in which time, I had collected most places of scripture, both for the ordinance, and for the encouragement of faith, as *James* v. 14, *Mark* vi. 13, *Mark* xi. 24, which last I called a seal to my commission. Having done, I closed up the bible, and said to the mother and the other sister present, I have not only found a commission, but a seal thereto. So I address'd myself to the ordinance in the manner following:— First, I went to prayer, that God would raise our faith in the ordinance, and that also we might lay hold on the promise; then I set apart the oyl from common to special use, by prayer. Then I anointed her in the name of the Lord *Jesus Christ* of *Nazareth*, on the place grieved, three times, according to the number of the persons of the trinity; but note, when I came to anoint her ankle, I was astonished, for her lameness was in manner following: Her hip-bone was out of the socket, and fleshy matter had fill'd up the cup, and the hip-bone was sprung up under her arm; her leg was crooked, and her ankle sprung out of its place, so that on the inside none was to be seen; her left foot in the form of a stump, besides her other bodily infirmities for the want of her limbs. Her mother saith, she knows not whether she was born so or not, for she first perceived it when she was in her leading-strings; and she being nigh 16 years of age, many did her mother make use of for help, but to no purpose, she still growing worse and worse. At length she made her application to an eminent surgeon, who told her he would not take her money, for no man in the world could help her, nor reduce the bones into their places; the sinews being shrunk, and gathered under her ham as big as a man's hand; and the whole side so weak, that she could not carry a four pound weight on that side. When I saw her leg so deformed, for I never saw it before, my countenance fell, and I said within myself, Sure I am worse than a mad man; can crooked bones be made streight? And with that such a trembling seized me, that I could not stay my hand (but with the help of the other) to anoint her; and while I was in this confusion, this text dropt into my mind, *Though you believe not, yet he abides faithful, and cannot deny himself.* So as soon as I had anointed her, I fell on my knees, as it were in an agony, and said these words; Lord, I have done my part,

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I have gone to the outside of my commission; Lord, I leave the work in thy hands to be accomplished. And while I was thus saying, I fell as it were into an extacy, and beheld as it were the heavens open, and *Christ* at the Father's right hand presenting a petition. Then I cried out, Lord, that is our petition, and we wait for an answer. The mother and sisters wondered at the expression; but as soon as I had so said, I had these words brought to me: *Be it unto you according to your faith*; I replyed, I believe she shall be made whole. And I then had this reply, *I will, she shall be whole.* And then, before I came off my knees, I praised God for making of her whole; and when I had concluded, I got up and walked some turns about the room; and then sat down, and fixing my eyes upon her, said, Child, the Lord hath made thee whole. Her mother replyed, Sir, what do you mean to say so before you know? I replyed, unbelief stand by; child, the Lord hath made thee whole; her mother replyed as before; at which I replyed the third time, with greater earnestness than before, child, the Lord hath made thee whole. Then she got up, and said, What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits! For while you pronounced me whole the second time, my bones snapt without the least pain, and are come into their places. And to our astonishment we beheld her straight and whole, and a full hand's breadth taller than before. So she put forth her foot, shewed us her ankle, and all was well; her bodily infirmities also removed, and her soul, with ours, fill'd with the loving kindness of the Lord, so that we knew not how to contain ourselves. Come, said I, to her mother and sisters, let us sing the praises of the Lord: No, said her mother, the neighbours will hear us, it being but three o'clock last new-years-day in the morning. I replyed, if we hold our peace, the stones in the street will cry against us. So we sung extemporary, and concluded the morning with blessing and praising God. In the morning her mother said, Go see whether your brother does not cry; she went up stairs, and fetch'd him down, he being a lusty child near five years old. So the day following (when some members of the church were called together) was spent in praising God.

Signed at our church meeting; we whose names are after written (members of the same society) do attest the truth hereof, and know of no other means that hath been used, but that God hath shewed his great power therein:—Thomas Pryer,—John Maxey,—Nathaniel

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Hicks,—Samuel Todd, jun.—John Blackfill,—John Browne,— Thomas Pettly,— Joseph Ellingford,— Daniel Hart,—Francis Haward,—Robert Harris,— Philip Stowars,—Benjamin Smith,—Jeremiah Baxter,—William Rawlings.

The reason why we sisters sign this is, because we have more narrowly searched her as to her hip:— Sarah Pryer,—Mary Maxey,—Mary Munnings, sen. —Mary Munnings, jun.—Elizabeth Munnings,— Sarah Speall,—Mary Capes,—Sarah Hible.

This maid hath resided in *London* several months, and many people have talked with her to their satisfaction, of which I am one. And the person praying (*William Rawlings*, one of the subcribers) now resideth at *London*, as a minister. I am assured that the eminent surgeon is Mr. *Benjamin Cross*, at *Colchester*.

I having received a letter from an unknown friend, desiring a relation of this miraculous cure with testimony, I applied myself accordingly, and, with six or seven weeks waiting and attendance, I have obtained the abovesaid narrative; and finding it tedious copying out to answer such a request, and also thinking it a duty rather than a crime, to publish so great a token of our Lord *Jesus's* answering faith and prayer; and also I finding the persons that are more immediately concerned forbear printing it, to prevent thoughts of boasting or assuming vain glory, I asked leave to print it; and by the answer perceived, that, though I did it, I should not give offence, (I not being a member of either churches concerned) I have set the printer to work. And that this my testimony and apology may not want a name to it, I have subscribed myself,

Charles Doe.

In the Borough, London.

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Crafty Kate, of Colchester.

AIR,—"The Languishing Lover."

YOU that in merriment delight,
Pray listen now to what I write,
Then will you satisfaction find,
To cure a melancholy mind.

A Damsel liv'd in Colchester,
And there a Clothier courted her,
For two months space both night and day,
And yet the Damsel said him nay.

The Clothier he then reply'd,
If you refuse to be my bride,
It soon will prove my overthrow,
Then dearest do not answer so.

Said she, were I to love inclin'd,
Perhaps you soon wou'd change your mind,
And court some other Damsel fair.
For men are false, I do declare.

By all that's good, my dearest love,
I never will unfaithful prove,
Then grant me what I do request,
So shall we both be ever blest.

He many protestations made,
And like a loyal lover said,
There's none but thee shall be my wife,
The joy and comfort of my life.

This said, at length she gave consent,
To marry him, likewise they went
Unto her friends and parents, who
Did grant her love and liking too.

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But see the fruits of cursed gold,
He left his loyal love behold,
With grief and sorrow compass'd round,
When he a greater fortune found.

A Lawyer's daughter fair and bright,
Her parents' joy and heart's delight,
He was resolv'd to make his spouse,
Denying all his former vows.

Now when the Damsel came to hear,
That she must lose her only dear,
And for the Lawyer's daughter's sake,
Thought she, some sport with him I'll make.

She knew that every night he came
From his new love, Nancy by name,
Sometimes at ten o'clock or more,
Kate to a tanner went therefore.

She borrowed there an old Cow-hide,
With crooked horns both large and wide,
And having wrapt herself therein,
She did her new intreague begin.

She in a lonesome field did stay,
The Clothier came at length that way,
Where he was sorely scar'd by her,
She look'd so like old Lucifer.

A hairy hide, horns on her head,
Which full three foot asunder spread,
Besides, he saw a long black tail,
He strove to run, but his feet did fail.

She quickly seized him by the coat,
Then with a grim and dreadful note,
She cry'd, you leave poor Kate, I hear,
And woo the Lawyer's daughter dear.

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Crafty Kate, of Colchester.

Since you have been so false to her,
You perjured knave of Colchester,
You shall, whether you will or no,
Unto my gloomy region go.

This voice did so affrighten him,
That there he trembled every limb,
Sweet master Devil, spare me now.
And I'll perform my former vow.

I'll make young Kate my lawful bride,
Well see you do, the Devil cry'd,
Or you shall hear from me again,
If Kate against you doth complain.

Then home he went, though very late,
He ne'er imagined this was Kate,
That put him into such a fright,
Therefore next day, by morning light,

He went to Kate and marry'd her,
For fear of this old Lucifer:
Her friends and parents thought it strange
There should be such a sudden change.

Kate did not let her parents know,
Nor any other friend or foe,
Till she a year had marry'd been,
Then told it at her gossiping.

It pleased the women to the heart,
Who said she bravely play'd her part,
Her husband laugh'd as well as they,
This was a jovial merry day.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Printed and Sold by John White.

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Extraordinary Love-Letter,

Addressed to a Lady of Maldon, in 1644.

To the most choice Gentlewoman, and ornament of her sexe, Mrs. Elizabeth Goode, daughter of Mr Sebastian Goode, Esquire, at Malden.

Mrs. Elizabeth,

I Have long beene an earnest suitor to your honour and deserts, that I might be admitted an humble suitor to your sweete selfe: now, after many striveings and wrestlings, I have almost prevailed. My next suit is, that your dearest selfe would comply with your dearest parents desires and mine: they are most ready to part with a great part of their estate for your sake, and I most willinge to place all my joyes and delights in You alone. Now it is, or will sodainely be, in your sole power to dash and frustrate, or crowne all my indeadours: hereby you will make me a most happy man, and your selfe (I hope) a no lesse happy spouse.

Well, sweete Mrs. Elizabeth, be not afraide to venture on me: as you have a most tender father, and a most indulgent mother, so lett me, that I think Providence kept for you, furnish you with a very, very lovinge husband. Could you reade my most inmost thoughts, you would soon answere love with love. I here promise you, and will make good this promise againe (when that happy daye comes) on holy ground, that I will love and honour you.

Knowe, this is my virgin request, the first request in earnest that ever came from my lippes or pen: my eyes have seene many yonge gallants and virgins, but Mrs. Elizabeth is the delight of my eyes. Others of your sexe have beene acceptable, and some precious in my eyes; but you, and you only, have been, and still are, the pearle in my eyes.

Amongst all the works of God, I delight most in beholdinge (the sun excepted) an amiable countenance; and such is yours, or none in these parts of England. Your face is a mappe of beauties, your gentle breast a cabinett of vertues, and your whole selfe a cluster of all the choisest delicacies: but, in plaine English, not your pleasinge aspect, nor well-featured person, nor admired excellencies, nor weighty portion, fastened my

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affections on you, but your love (of this I have beene long perswaded) to a man (myself I mean) so undeserving it.

As for myselfe, I am thought worthy of a good wife, though unworthy of you. These pretty toyes, called husbands, are such rare commodities in this age, that I can woe and winne wives by the dozens. I knowe not any gentlewoman in these parts, but would kisse a letter from my hands, reade it with joye, and then laye it up next her hart as a treasure; but I will not trye their courtesies, except I find you discourteous.

My last request is this, take a turne in private, then read this letter againe, and imagine the penman at your elbow. Next laye your hand upon your hart, and resolve to saye Amen to my desires. If so, I shall accept your portion with the left hand, but your lovely person with the right. Portions I can have enough to my minde in other places, but not a wife to my minde in any place of the wide world but at **Malden**. I hope, therefore, no place shall furnish you with a husband but **Kingstone**, where lives in hope, your most hearty friend and servant,

Thomas Bourman.

From my Chamber, Dec. 2, 1644.

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The Maldon Martyr's Prayer.

[The following is the Prayer, uttered kneeling on the ground, of Stephen Knight, who, for his religious opinions, was burned at the stake, at Maldon, March 28th, 1555.]

O LORD Jesus Christ, for whose love I leave willingly this life, and desire rather the bitter death of thy cross, with the loss of all earthly things, than to abide the blasphemy of thy most holy name, or to obey men in breaking thy holy commandment: thou seest, O Lord, that where I might live in worldly wealth to worship a false God, and honour thine enemy, I chuse rather the torment of the body, and the loss of this life, and have counted all things but vile, dust, and dung, that I might win thee; which death is dearer unto me, than thousands of gold and silver. Such love, O Lord, hast thou laid up in my breast, that I hunger for thee, as the wounded deer desireth the soil. Send thy holy comforter, O Lord, to aid, comfort, and strengthen this weak piece of earth, which is empty of all strength of itself. Thou rememberest, O Lord, that I am but dust, and able to do nothing that is good; therefore, O Lord, as of thine accustomed goodness and love thou hast invited me to this banquet, and accounted me worthy to drink of thine own cup amongst thine elect; even so give me strength, O Lord, against this raging element, which as to my sight it is most irksome and terrible, so to my mind it may at thy commandment (as an obedient servant) be sweet and pleasant; that through the strength of thy Holy Spirit, I may pass through the rage of this fire into thy bosom, according to thy promise, and for this mortal receive an immortal, and for this corruptible put on incorruption: accept this burnt sacrifice and offering, O Lord, not for the sacrifice, but for thy dear Son's sake my Saviour, for whose testimony I offer this freewill offering with all my heart, and with all my soul. O heavenly Father, forgive me my sins, as I forgive all the world. O sweet Son of God my Saviour, spread thy wings over me. O blessed and Holy Ghost, through whose merciful inspiration I am come hither, conduct me into everlasting life. Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.—*Amen.*

Totham: Printed at Charles Clark's Private Press.

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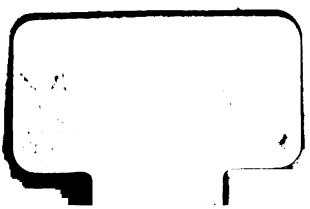

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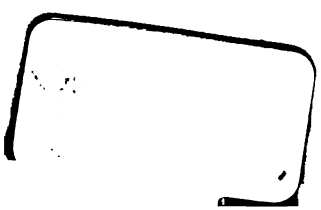

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